

REPUBLICAN CALL
For the State Convention to be Held at
Topeka June 6.

The formal call for the Republican state convention has been issued, signed by the officers of the state central committee, as follows:

A delegate convention of the Republicans of Kansas will convene in the city of Topeka, Wednesday the 6th day of June, 1894, at 12 o'clock, m., for the nomination of candidates for associate justice of the supreme court, governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of state, auditor of state, treasurer of state, attorney general, superintendent of public instruction, and for the nomination of delegates to the national convention to be held at St. Louis, Mo., August 14th, 1894.

Delegates to this convention shall be elected by county conventions held on or before June 4th, 1894. The number of delegates to be elected from each county shall be equal to the number of electors in that county, and no county shall elect more than two delegates.

The following are the names of the delegates to be elected from each county:

Allen	1	Johnson	11
Anderson	2	Logan	12
Atchison	3	Marion	13
Bartlesville	4	Marshall	14
Barton	5	McPherson	15
Beecher	6	Meade	16
Bell	7	Montezuma	17
Berkeley	8	Morris	18
Brown	9	Morris	19
Burlington	10	Morris	20
Chanute	11	Morris	21
Cherokee	12	Morris	22
Cherokee	13	Morris	23
Cherokee	14	Morris	24
Cherokee	15	Morris	25
Cherokee	16	Morris	26
Cherokee	17	Morris	27
Cherokee	18	Morris	28
Cherokee	19	Morris	29
Cherokee	20	Morris	30

LIKENS A WOMAN TO A DOG.

The women who oppose suffrage for women are playing the part of the dog in the manger. There is no proposition to compel women to vote. If a woman does not want to vote she will not have to but she has no right to stand in the way of the woman who does want to.—Leavenworth Times.

How readily a female-suffrage male drops into applying slang epithets to womanhood. No anti-female-suffrage man would ever think of referring to a woman as playing "the part of a dog" anywhere. It wouldn't be long before these male equal-suffragists would be applying the other gender of the same dog to women. As for the rest it is a gratuitous insult to mouth that "she doesn't have to." Women, the great majority of women, oppose female suffrage for the sake of the happiness and welfare of themselves, their homes and the children coming after them. Their woman's intuition, more infallible than all reason, their mother-instinct, which is purer than any political platform, are unfailing, protesting monitors, being also sure indicators of what is best for them and theirs.

As for the assertion that "a woman will not have to vote if she doesn't want to," in case female suffrage is adopted, it is not true. Female suffrage once the law and all women, however repellant the idea to their womanly instincts, will be compelled to vote. Physical inability on election day will prove the only adequate excuse. Through the interests of husbands and fathers and brothers, in counteracting and defeating the candidates and measures of the side supported by the heeled, the bums and by the questionable female characters, and the most reluctant and modest of wives, and daughters would be overpowered to make the sacrifice and go to the polls. Besides, in the event of female suffrage, all these glib tongued women who are eternally seeking notoriety, would be in the political swim up to their eyes, putting forward their favorites, making tattling canvasses and street gossip campaigns, not only, but running for office themselves. To say that the average woman, however naturally timid and retiring, would not feel impelled to go to the polls to help their husbands and sons shut off this undesirable element would be to say that women are not human. Under female suffrage when Jane Jones sets up her pins for a seat in the city council, or manipulates her weak, open-mouthed contingent for a place on the school board, everybody can rest assured that the afore-said snagg-toothed Jane will be spotted early and often by every self-respecting and level-headed woman in the ward on election day, rain or shine, dinner or no dinner, the age, sex and condition of all the crying and neglected babies in the neighborhood to the contrary, notwithstanding.

confidence in the result on their part. That there is an oil belt in the vicinity of Neodesha there can be no doubt, as at nearly all the wells sunk there is a tank holding about 250 barrels of oil and they are full of oil. No statement has been made nor can any outsider as yet arrive at the actual capacity of these wells. The history of all oil belts has been that some large flowing wells have been found. That oil should be found in the rich fertile valleys of the Verdigris and Fall rivers but illustrates that a top soil of the most productive land on earth may be underlain in Kansas by the richest of mineral products.

Blind is as good as president today, but, of course, the Democratic convention and the voters will first have to be consulted as a mere matter of form.

Probably the next time old Father Time shows up in Washington with his scythe, the police will poke a "Keep off the grass" sign under his nose and arrest him.

As between bi-metalism and Cleveland the Missouri Democrats robbed Peter to pay Paul. The chief woe in that a Missouri Democrat would pay Paul.

Some one has figured it out that the reason the commonwealers led for Washington was because there is less work done there than any where in the country.

The biggest political joke of the season is a double headed larder, a column in length, by the Kansas City Times, urging upon Missouri Democrats, in convention assembled, "calm deliberation, and good sense." When it comes to unkept hair in buttner brown, irrelevant issues and incendiary utterances, the Coxey cohorts are not in with Missouri Democracy in convention assembled.

POLITICAL ELM PEELERS.

From the Salina Republican.

The Wichita Eagle thinks that if Mrs. Lease was elected to congress it would be by the vote of the males—not the females, even if the latter had suffrage. The Eagle is right. The women do not vote as easily as "twopenny" as men. There is already an aristocracy among the female leaders, as is witnessed by Miss Anthony and others snubbing Mrs. Lease and Mrs. Gougier. They believe that Lease and Gougier are doing harm to female suffrage. Now the men are so thick pated that they can't discover much if any difference between these eminent advocates of universal suffrage, and would as lief support Mrs. Lease for congress as any other female, provided she is on the right side politically.

FOR KANSAS ONLY.

People are inclined to regard stories of swearing parrots as mythical. But it is a fact that a parrot will acquire profane words much more readily than any other kind, and it is next to impossible to break them of the habit.

Down in Wellington there is a minister who owns a parrot of the swearing kind. He complained about it to a friend and the latter told him how to cure it of profanity. If he began to swear, he said, "take hold of the cage and swing it around rapidly about ten times and then drop a bucket of water on the parrot."

The minister lay in wait and the next time the parrot swore did as directed. Then, after setting the cage down, he glanced at the bird, half dazed and all ruffled, and asked: "Well, how do you feel?"

"Oh!" said the parrot, looking out of one eye in a quizzical manner, "I'm all right, but where in the h—l were you when the cyclone struck us?"

"Now fellow-sufferers," exclaimed Susan B. Anthony in her Topeka speech, I have outlined our condition. Now where is the key to the situation?"

"And the women present arose as one man and whispered: 'Under the front door-mat.'"

P. P. Elder is not missing, as reported. He turned up in a Topeka hotel the other day and sat down in the dining room with his little sang froid.

"Will you have table d'hôte or à la carte?" the waiter asked.

"Both," growled Elder, "and have lots of gravy on 'em."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," sagely remarked Mr. Goggin.

"How about the cyclone?" asked his wife.

"The cyclone is not an ill wind," said Goggin austere. "There is nothing sicker about the average cyclone."

Mrs. Catt, it is announced, sometimes appears in bifurcated skirts. This is probably no more than a modest imitation of Puss in Boots.

It is said the contest for chairman of the Republican state committee will be between Cy Leland and Jim Simpson.

"Elephant Prospecting and Investigation Company" is the name of an organization recently formed in Dighton. Its purpose is to dig for pre-historic animals, many skeletons of which have been found in Lane county.

The Republican congressional convention in the Second and Fifth districts are held in Olathe and Junction City today.

It is announced authoritatively that St. John will run for governor of Kansas on a straight prohibition ticket next fall.

The Republicans of Cowley county adopted the brightest platform on record Saturday. It was as follows: "Resolved, That we demand a change."

There are paying oil wells in the Cherokee nation.

Peaches are already blushing on the trees in Oklahoma.

"Bill Hackney will talk on Coxey in New York next Saturday."

At the recent main in Enid an Alva cock came off victorious.

There is a movement on foot in Newkirk to wipe out the dance hall.

The Blackwell Daily Eagle made its first appearance Monday with E. R. Ricker as editor.

Professor Mallory has been re-elected superintendent of the public schools of Guthrie.

J. P. Lane of Cleveland county, it is said, would like to cross swords with Dennis Flynn.

Payne county has twenty-four lawyers. This statement, notwithstanding the subject matter, is truthful.

Oklahoma isn't half as wild as New York City. Every few days in Perry some man is arrested for carrying a revolver.

John V. Moffit is now splurging around as village trustee in Pond Creek, to which high station he was elevated at the recent election.

The One Indians are preparing to take the toll proceeds which they have exacted

from settlers using their bridges, and hold a big dance.

Professor Halleck is probably the only professor in the world who would think of taking a whole school across Oklahoma for a picnic.

According to the last census there are about 25,000 Cherokees by blood, 3,000 colored citizens, 777 Shawnees, making a total of 28,777.

The Oklahoma City Press-Gazette has discovered a new kind of catfish—the squint-eyed catfish. Can it be the common bull-head?

After that enthusiastic Republican convention the Democrats who do not care to run against Flynn are increased by a thousand or two.

It is said that there are 509 names on the Osage payrolls unlawfully. One thing is sure—the Indian never hesitates about robbing Uncle Sam.

Monday, Frank Greer printed that picture of Dennis Flynn, which depicts him in his great imitation of a man trying to look like a Methodist minister.

J. E. Quella was elected town clerk of second on Monday, and J. W. Comp, Republican, defeated H. H. Moose, citizen, for justice of the peace, by a vote of 98 to 64.

Mrs. M. H. Northern of Carney, near Guthrie, found a bull-snake in her hen coop the other day and fainted from fright. Her son filled the reptile with lead.

Cromwell Taylor, aged 86, and Marietta Greck, aged 51, were married in El Reno, Okla., the other day. It is not only the young man's thoughts that in the spring time lightly turn to thoughts of love.

Newkirk Democrat: Among the correspondence received by the sheriff are a great many letters from women in Kansas and Missouri, who are inquiring after missing husbands, and a request to the sheriff to "keep an eye on them." Yesterday the sheriff received two letters from a woman, one writing that her husband stated that he was going to Colorado, but she had learned that he was living here with another woman.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Teacher—What did Caesar say when Brutus stabbed him? Bright Boy—Ouch!—Hullo.

—John, dear," said Mrs. Hicks, "I'm making a shirt for the heathen. Come here and let me fit it on you, will you?"

—What did Mangle receive that medal for he wears now?" "He has run over more people than any man in our bicycle club."—Inter Ocean.

—Visitor—What makes your father look so melancholy? Small Boy—Cause ma told him he's got to go to our church fair to-night.

—Nurse—Curiosity—He—One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. She—No; but it would give a good deal to find out.—Detroit Free Press.

—Husband—I am just in the mood for reading something sensational and startling—something that will make my hair stand on end. Wife—Here is my last milliner's bill.—Fliegende Blätter.

—Judge—Well, doctor, what is the condition of the burglar's victim? Doctor—One of his wounds is absolutely fatal, but the other two are not dangerous and can be healed.—Fliegende Blätter.

—Professor of Chemistry—Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a phial of soda. What chemical shall I combine with it to produce a valuable article of commerce. Goodby (walking up)—Brandy.—Tit-Bits.

—Curiosity—"Grandpa," said Tommy, examining critically the bald head of his ancestor, "may I ask you a question?" "Certainly, Tommy." "Do you comb your hair with a razor?"—Texas Siftings.

—Clergyman (visiting prison)—So you were arrested for passing bad money, my man! Convict—Not exactly. You see, if the money had passed, I wouldn't have been arrested.

—Philadelphia Record.

"Mister," said the small boy to the grocer, "mother told me to ask you if they's such a thing as a sugar trust?" "Why, of course there is." "Well, mother wants to get trusted for two pounds."—Washington Star.

—The thinking part of mankind do not form their judgment from events; and their estimate will ever attach equal glory to those actions which have been crowned with success.

—On the subject of the succession of human events. The crises of to-day are seldom the crises of to-morrow, and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst and we shall meet no more."—Covper.

—All confidence is dangerous if it is not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak all or conceal all. We have already too much disclosed our secrets to a man from whom we think any one single circumstance is to be concealed.

—Bruyer.

—Mrs. Middlemore Biddleblood—(of the Daughters of the Revolution)—You wish to become a member of the Daughters of the Revolution; upon what do you base your right to membership? Applicant—I was born in Brazil.—Philadelphia Record.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Some men try so hard to be original that they become aboriginal.

—Young Men's Era.

—Faultily faultless, lilly regular, splendidly null, dead perfection; no more.—Tennyson.

—It is better for a city to be governed by a good man than even by good laws.—Aristotle.

—He that worries himself with the dread of possible contingencies will never be at rest.—Johnson.

—The guild of shoemakers is mentioned in A. D. 982 as being at that time a very old, wealthy and respectable organization.

—The famous "Kendall green" goods mentioned by Shakespeare in Henry IV, were invented by John Kemp, a Flemish immigrant.

—According to Homer clothing in his time was washed by being placed in water and stamped until it was supposed to be clean.

—At least 500 years before the Christian era, the Egyptians had axes of various styles, chisels, mallets, planes and saws, together with levels, rules, rollers, wheels and pulleys.

—I am of opinion that there are no proverbial sayings that are not true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, who is the mother of all sciences.—Cervantes.

—People don't die very often over here, do they? Inquired the smart, New Yorker, and then—who could say? Allah would strengthen his hand and direct the edge of his blade and kismet would be.

For a second he stood close beside me. I might have touched him. His fierce, black eyes gleamed on the snake. I knew he was drawing the snake's attention from the sword to himself. I could feel the slight vibration again and I knew that the snake was preparing to strike.

And then like a flash of lightning went the blade past my eyes—a hiss—Allah! driven through clenched teeth, penetrated my half-stopped senses. I felt a rush of something down my back, and not knowing whether the snake had been cut in two or missed, I tottered toward a chair. I had not

THE BROWN DEATH.

From the Detroit Free Press.

I was living in the town of Akyab, which is a very old English port in Burmah, and among other men there I knew and had business with a native-born but Christian man named Mordai. One day he came to me and asked me to go over to some property he had on a neighboring island. He had been having trouble about boundaries and wanted me to give him an unbiased opinion. We started in a sailboat about 12 o'clock and got to his place about 4. He and I got out of the boat and went up to a small bungalow he had built there. These jungle bungalows are built on posts about six to ten feet from the ground and consist of simply the floor, the roof and sometimes walls run up six or seven feet. There is no ceiling and nothing overhead but the roof, which is made of bamboo and thatched with leaves from the toddy plant.

We were sitting on the veranda, the roof of which was not more than five or six feet from our heads. Mordai was talking to me about the boundary, and I had become quite interested in some maps he had in his lap. While engaged in examining them I felt something fall and strike my shoulder. I rose quite slowly, still talking to Mordai, and turned about to see what was in my chair, thinking that perhaps a place of bamboo had been blown down by the wind. As I turned my back was toward Mordai and I was struck motionless by a hoarse "For God's sake, don't move, Sahib!" From the horror in his voice I knew as well as if I could see it that a cobra, or a khorite, equally deadly and more numerous in that part, was on my shoulder. I stood perfectly motionless.

For I knew that the snake, being aroused now, would strike if he felt the least movement. Cold perspiration stood out on my forehead, and I set my teeth hard and waited. It was a toss-up, I knew; either deliverance, and that speedily, or the sharp, stinging punctures in my neck or head, and then—death. Every minute seemed an age. My suspense was the more horrible because I could not see my enemy, and so could not tell the moment he would strike. Probably not a minute elapsed from the time I stood up until I saw Mordai approaching me from in front, but it seemed to me a year. He had gone through one of the rooms and this got round in front of me without disturbing the snake. In his hand he held a Burmese dah (a sword) and I knew that he meant to cut the snake down with one strong stroke. He crept up close beside me and raised the sword, trembling in every limb. His face was ghastly and his eyes seemed glazed with horror. The sword trembled for a moment in his nerveless hand, and then with a hoarse whisper of "My God, I can't do it," he let it fall from his hand and tottered to a chair. He was an old man, and his nerve had given way. He dared not risk the result of his blow should he fail to cut down the serpent. When the sword fell I could feel a slight vibration on my shoulder, and I closed my eyes, expecting to feel the cold pat and the sharp stinging thrust of the death-dealing fangs. I stood perfectly motionless, but my mind worked with the rapidity of lightning. I felt almost grateful that Mordai had not struck, for I could see that his nerves were so unsteady that he would in all probability have missed the snake. I knew that our servants and boatmen would soon be up with our traps, and my only hope was to stand quiet still until they arrived. Time will never efface the memory of that death wait from my mind.

In the chair, shivered and ghastly, his hollow, half-glazed eyes staring at me with the helpless, fascinated gaze of a bird half in the coils of a serpent, huddled Mordai. His white, bloodless lips moved spasmodically, as over and over he repeated in a dread whisper, "God! God!" I then knew it was a khorite. Clinging to my shoulder was a snake ten times more malignant and merciless than a cobra, and just as deadly.—"The Brown Death"—of the natives, a reptile of which it has been said, that if a man were to gaze for any length of time upon its eye he would become insane. Unlike all other creatures it has no pupil to its eye—nothing but a brown mass of malignity.

I do not know how long it was, but it seemed an eternity of time that I stood thus. At last the swinging mad-ras song of the boatmen carrying the stuff broke on my ears like a song of deliverance. Dull and monotonous it had seemed to me so often, but now it sounded like the sweetest music ever caroled. Their singing seemed to arouse Mordai from his trance-like stupor, and staggering out he grasped my faithful servant, Emir-Allah, by the shoulder, and with his lean, bony finger pointed toward me. No need of explanation for Emir-Allah. My heart gave a throb of joy when I saw his supple, careless form striding and striding his black eyes glistering with the light I had seen in them before in time of deadly peril. Twice before had we fought death together and his nerves had been steel and his heart had not faltered. Even now I see him as he stood just outside the veranda, one of the few natives a white man had trusted, and met trust for trust and loyalty ever.

Discarding his gaudy jacket, and gathering up his dhoti about his hips, so that his sinewy limbs gleamed like those of a statue, he set his square white teeth and hissed through them an invocation to Allah. Grasping the dah in his powerful hand, he stole as silently and as swiftly toward me as the venomous creature on my back might have done had he been making the attack. Poised aloft was the glittering steel, for well he knew the snake would keep his eyes on the gleaming blade, and there would be no movement to disturb him till the dawn of morning. Allah! driven through clenched teeth, penetrated my half-stopped senses. I felt a rush of something down my back, and not knowing whether the snake had been cut in two or missed, I tottered toward a chair. I had not

AN IMAGINARY DINNER.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It was a beautiful afternoon, but the sun was beginning to dip in the west as we rode leisurely on our way to Col. Marr's stock farm, where we expected to find food and shelter. Jack, my companion, and a friend of college days, and I had started early that morning from the city on our way to the colonel's, where we were expected about noon.

But the country being new we had stopped many times and discussed the possibility of extensive land schemes. In the interest of this topic we had overlooked the fact that we had been almost all day without food, and as we rode up to a small cabin I felt a strong sense of hunger. A little old man, with a head disproportionately large to his body, sat on a bench outside of the weather-beaten shanty. We could see him looking steadily at us as we approached. As I encountered his small, steel-gray eyes which were fixed upon us, I felt a strange sense of hunger. Instantly we halted and the old man in a mild but positive voice said:

"Come in, gentlemen. I can furnish you with anything in the eating line that you wish."

We were both astonished, as the idea that he could serve us with a meal, the kind we were used to, in that tumble-down shanty, with bare floors and dusty windows, was absurd.

I expressed my surprise at his invitation, and looked again at the house. A colored waiter with a white apron appeared in the door. This we thought elevated the place, and at a second invitation we dismounted and were going to walk in for a meal, but the little man asked us to sit on the bench, as dinner would not be ready for half an hour.

"That will detain us longer than we anticipated," I said. "It will put us on the road after dark."

Jack looked at his watch: "It is already half-past five."

At this the little man laughed pleasantly.

"By my watch it is only four o'clock, and I have the right time. My friend, you must be mistaken. Look again."

Jack consulted his time-piece, and so acknowledged that he had been mistaken. The man told us many pleasant stories, and we enjoyed the time until dinner was announced. The proprietor led us through the door into a room a great deal larger than I supposed the size of the house from without warranted. It was filled with tables and waiters were hurrying back and forth with large trays of dishes.

We were seated at a table and were served with all kinds of delicacies which are obtained in the best restaurants. In fact, Jack was especially pleased with several French dishes, which he had tasted in Paris, while I was particularly delighted with some fine old wine. It equaled, I thought, that of my father's, which I had been unable to procure since I left the old mansion and engaged in business in New York. During the meal the proprietor, the little man, had personally set the dishes before us, and politely waited on our table, as a compliment, he said, to his distinguished guests. I gave him an order for as much of that wine as he could give me, to take with me. The bottles were brought from the cellar, and in a generous way, I paid him a generous price. I gave him twenty-five dollars for the dinner and wine, to return his compliment, and my friend followed my example.

We started again on our journey refreshed after our dinner, and reached the colonel's house long after the darkness had fallen. He immediately ordered lunch for us.

"Thank you," I said. "Do not trouble yourself, colonel; we have just had dinner at the hotel on our way here."

"Hotel?" he exclaimed, "where did you see one?"

"Along the road a few miles back."

"Both! There isn't a hint of a hotel on that road, and I know it pretty well."

"I will leave it to Jack," I said, turning to him, and he readily verified my words.

"Nonsense!" the colonel said, "the only house on that path up there is the plasterless shanty of old man Hobbs, the mesmerist, and he has undoubtedly mesmerized you into his place."

"I will prove my words right here," I said emphatically. "I bought some of his excellent wine, and paid for it, too."

I opened the parcel, and to my surprise the bottles which the old man had had them, were so nicely corked and labeled, were now only plain brown glass ones, entirely without labels.

I poured some of the contents into a glass, and it filled up with water, pure and simple.

The colonel laughed, "Just as I expected," he said.

"But listen," I said, "I'm sure we had something to eat. What do you suppose he gave us?"

"Boiled herbs that he gathered in the field, and dry bread, just what he lives on himself."

It was true. We had been the victims of a mesmerist, and had feasted on an imaginary dinner.

—The Sunday laws were rigidly enforced in the New England colonies. For more than one hundred years after the settlement of Massachusetts people were not allowed to sit on Boston Common, or walk in the streets, except to church, nor to take a breath, except on a hot Sunday by the seashore in front of their own doors. Two young people were arrested in Connecticut for sitting together on Sunday under a tree in an orchard.

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PATCHEN WILKES, 3550, BONNIE BOY, 6401,

Patience, 2:12; Lisa, 2:16; Monda, 2:19; Henrico, 2:15; Divan, 2:15; Joe Patchen, 2:19; and seven others in 2:30 list. Service fee, \$100.00.

Bonnie Belle, 2:17; Jarenta, (2 yr.), 2:27; Jettie, 2:18; Ninescah, (1 yr.) 2:42. Service fee, \$75.00.

Ninescah, 18176, 1 yr., record 2:42; \$25.00.

Mares bred to the above stallions, proving not in-foal, will have usual return privilege in 1895.

John Eddy, 6425.—By Jerome Eddy, 2:16; Dan by Belmont, 64. Service fee, to insure \$10.00.

Luther Percherson, (weight 1650). Service fee to insure, \$3.00.

FOR CATALOGUE AND PARTICULARS, ADDRESS JEWETT STOCK FARM, Cheney, Ks.

Taken a step before Emir-Allah's strong arms were about me and with tears of joy in his big, lustrous eyes, the poor fellow was saying: "God is great."

The snake lay on the floor, struck in two, still vicious and striking at his own body, a khorite about three and a half feet long. He had fallen on my back from the roof, where he had been after rats.

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"By my watch it is only four o'clock, and I have the right time. My friend, you must be mistaken. Look again."

Jack consulted his time-piece, and so acknowledged that he had been mistaken. The man told us many pleasant stories, and we enjoyed the time until dinner was announced. The proprietor led us through the door into a room a great deal larger than I supposed the size of the house from without warranted. It was filled with tables and waiters were hurrying back and forth with large trays of dishes.

We were seated at a table and were served with all kinds of delicacies which are obtained in the best restaurants. In fact, Jack was especially pleased with several French dishes, which he had tasted in Paris, while I was particularly delighted with some fine old wine. It equaled, I thought, that of my father's, which I had been unable to procure since I left the old mansion and engaged in business in New York. During the meal the proprietor, the little man, had personally set the dishes before us, and politely waited on our table, as a compliment, he said, to his distinguished guests. I gave him an order for as much of that wine as he could give me, to take with me. The bottles were brought from the cellar, and in a generous way, I paid him a generous price. I gave him twenty-five dollars for the dinner and wine, to return his compliment, and my friend followed my example.

We started again on our journey refreshed after our dinner, and reached the colonel's house long after the darkness had fallen. He immediately ordered lunch for us.

"Thank you," I said. "Do not trouble yourself, colonel; we have just had dinner at the hotel on our way here."

"Hotel?" he exclaimed, "where did you see one?"

"Along the road a few miles back."

"Both! There isn't a hint of a hotel on that road, and I know it pretty well."

"I will leave it to Jack," I said, turning to him, and he readily verified my words.

"Nonsense!" the colonel said, "the only house on that path up there is the plasterless shanty of old man Hobbs, the mesmerist, and he has undoubtedly mesmerized you into his place."

"I will prove my words right here," I said emphatically. "I bought some of his excellent wine, and paid for it, too."

I opened the parcel, and to my surprise the bottles which the old man had had them, were so nicely corked and labeled, were now only plain brown glass ones, entirely without labels.

I poured some of the contents into a glass, and it filled up with water, pure and simple.

The colonel laughed, "Just as I expected," he said.

"But listen," I said, "I'm sure we had something to eat. What do you suppose he gave us?"